THE King of Drunkards.

I Am the King and the Prince of Drunkards,
Ranting, roaring, fudling boys,
My delight is drinking full tankards,
Filling alehouses with my noise.
Whole gallons at a draught I pour down my throat,
But hang such silly sots as these,
I laid myself along, with my mouth unto the bung,
And drank a hogshead at my ease.

I knew a man that tost off a tankard,
And stile himself the Prince of Sots,
But hang such silly drinkers,
We'll break their flaggons and smash their pots.

My friend and I did join for a cellar full of wine,
And bolted the vintner out of doors,
One morning at the tap we drank every drop,
And eagerly looked round for more.

My friend to me made a motion,
Must we part with dry lips,
From thence we sail'd unto the ocean,
Where we met with a fleet of ships.

Their loading it was wine, and it being superfine,
Their cargoes ten thousand ton,
We drank it all at sea before we reach'd the key,
And the vintner swore he was undone.

From thence we sail'd to the Canaries,
Where we did meet a better touch,
There we saw the French and Spaniards,
The Portuguese, and likewise the Dutch.

Twas on the river Rhine we drank up all the wine,
Thinking to drain the country dry,
Bacchus swore he never found, in the universe all round,
Two such thirsty souls as my friend and I.

Out, cries one, what a beast you make yourself,
You drink till you cannot stand or go,
But, cries I, that's a mistake, sir,
When did you see a beast drink so?

Tis when we drink least we drink most like beasts,
We drink a full tankard out of hand,
Tis then and only then we drink the most like men,
When we drink till we can't stand.